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**IN VACATION.**

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**A Fish Story.**—Applying for a divorce, an old Georgia negro said to the judge: "Hit only cost me a string er fish ter git married, jedge, but, please God, I'd give a whale ter git rid er her."

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**Judicial Revenge.**—Judge—"Have you anything to say for yourself before I sentence you, prisoner?"

Prisoner—"Yes, your lordship; I taught your wife and daughter the tango."

Judge—"Twenty years."—Law Students' Helper.

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**Comity in Justice Court.**—Two Vermont lawyers were trying a case before a rural justice, and one of them, who represented the defendant, took occasion to cite a Massachusetts case that was on all fours with his contention. His opponent nudged the justice and whispered, "Look out! He's trying to ring in a Massachusetts case on you." The justice pounded on his table and asked to see the book. It was handed to him. He examined it with all the concentrated wisdom of ages in his countenance, and returned it, saying, "Mr. —, this here court may not be a lawyer, but it ain't to be imposed upon that way! That's a Mass'chusetts case. Judgment for the plaintiff."—Green Bag.

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**Some Compromise.**—In his law practice Lincoln discouraged his neighbors who wished to go to law. One day a farmer drove in to get a divorce. He had built a frame house and wished it painted white. His wife wanted it brown. There had been an argument and then there had been trouble. Mr. Lincoln said to him:

"You have not lived with this woman all these years without learning that there is such a thing as a compromise. Go back home; think no more of this divorce for a month. Then come to me again." In a month the farmer returned. "Mr. Lincoln," said he, "we have agreed on a compromise. We are going to have the house painted brown."

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**When the Laws Met.**—The Laws sat about the long green table. All the fundamentals were there save one. Even the decrepit Salic Law was present, dozing between the Mosaic Laws and the Law of Primogeniture.

The Chairman of the Law of the Land called the meeting to order.

"Are we all present?" he asked.

It was the Blue Laws who responded.

"I don't see nothin' of the Law o' Nations," he squeaked.

"The Law of Nations has been abolished," the chairman sharply replied. "The business of the convention will now proceed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.